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HYMNS

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

OCTOBER, 1870.



I.—HYMNS OF PRAISE,	1-10
II.—OF CHRISTIAN CONSECRATION,	11-18
III.—MISSIONARY HYMNS,	19-30
IV.—THE LORD'S SUPPER,	31-35
V.—CLOSING HYMNS,	36-39

"Let the people praise thee, O God;
Let all the people praise thee."

BROOKLYN.

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INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

HYMN

All hail the power of Jesus' name,.....	3
Awake my soul, stretch every nerve,.....	16
Blest be the tie that binds,.....	38
Come, let us join our cheerful songs,.....	10
Come, thou almighty King.....	2
Come, we who love the Lord,.....	9
Daughter of Zion, from the dust,.....	28
From all that dwell below the skies.....	1
From Greenland's icy mountains,.....	21
God is the refuge of his saints,.....	25
Hail to the Lord's Anointed,.....	24
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices,.....	8
How beauteous are their feet,.....	30
How sweet and awful is the place,.....	32
I love thy kingdom, Lord,.....	14
Joy to the world ! the Lord is come,.....	7
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,.....	5
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love,.....	35
Lord, at this closing hour,.....	39
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,.....	36
Lord, now we part in thy blest name,.....	37
Must Jesus bear the cross alone,.....	13
My faith looks up to thee,.....	33
Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,.....	6
Oh, where are kings and empires now,.....	22
On the mountain's top appearing,.....	26
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path,..	12
Rock of ages, cleft for me,	31
Sing we the song of those who stand,..	4
Sow in the morn thy seed,.....	20
Stand up !—stand up for Jesus,.. .	11
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,.....	19
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head,.....	23
Wake the song of jubilee,....	27
When I survey the wondrous cross,.....	18
When on Sinai's top I see,	34
Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim,.....	29
Ye servants of the Lord,.....	15
Your harps, ye trembling saints,.....	17

1. OLD HUNDRED.

1. FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung.
Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2. ITALIAN HYMN.

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father ! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days !
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word !
Gird on thy mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend :
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness !
On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter !
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour :
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !
- 4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore !
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

3. CORONATION.

1 All hail, the power of Jesus name!
 Let angels prostrate fall!
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4. OAKSVILLE.

1 Sing we the song of those who stand
 Around the eternal throne,
 Of every kindred, clime, and land,
 A multitude unknown.

2 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
 On earth the pilgrims' throng,
 Yet learn we, in our low estate,
 The Church Triumphant's song.

3 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
 Cry the redeemed above,
 "Blessing and honor to obtain,
 And everlasting love!"

4 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
 "Who died our souls to save!
 Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting!
 Thy victory, O Grave!"

5. ROCKINGHAM.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong ;
 Crown him, ye nations, in your song :
 His wondrous names and powers rehearse ;
 His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms ;
 How terrible is God in arms !
 In Israel are his mercies known,
 Israel is his peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest ;
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;
 When terrors rise, and nations faint,
 God is the strength of every saint.

6. ARIEL.

1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine !
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
 In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath divine !
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne :
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face :
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.

7. ANTIOCH.

1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world ! the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground :
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

8. HARWELL.

1 Hark ! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above !
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love :—
 See, he sits on yonder throne !
 Jesus rules the world alone,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

2 King of glory ! reign for ever—
 Thine an everlasting crown ;
 Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own ;—
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour ! hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring—Oh ! bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away ;—
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
 “ Glory, glory to our King.”

9. ST. THOMAS.

- 1 COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets.
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

10. DENFIELD.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine !
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb !

11. YARMOUTH.

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross!
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From vict'ry unto vict'ry
 His army shall be led,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day:
 “Ye that are men, now serve him,”
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be:
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

12. ARLINGTON.

1 Rise, O my soul, pursue the path
 By ancient worthies trod;
 Aspiring, view those holy men
 Who lived and walked with God.

2 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
 They conquered every foe;
 And to his power, and matchless grace,
 Their crowns of life they owe.

3 Lord, may I ever keep in view
 The patterns thou hast given,
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road
 That led them safe to Heaven!

13. MAITLAND.

- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.
- 4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high ;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.
- 5 Oh, precious cross ! O, glorious crown !
Oh, resurrection day !
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

14. STATE STREET.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church, our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

15. DENNIS.

1 YE servants of the Lord !
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of his heavenly word,
 And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame ;
 Gird up your loins as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.

3 Watch,—'tis your Lord's command ;
 And while we speak he's near ;
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
 In such a posture found !
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

16. CHRISTMAS.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
 Have I my race begun ;
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down.

17. OLMUTZ.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

18. HAMBURG.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

3 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me..

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

19. UXBRIDGE.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord !
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy power confess ;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ,
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand :
 So, when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land,

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run ;
 Till Christ has all the nations blessed
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

20. OLNEY.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed ;
 At eve hold not thy hand ;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
 Broadcast it o'er the land !

2 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 . Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
 The day of God shall come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry, " Harvest home ! "

21. MISSIONARY HYMN.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ?—
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! Oh, Salvation !—
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation,
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds ! his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,—
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole !
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

22. ST. ANN'S.

1 OH, where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong ;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God !
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad.

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands ;
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

23. ANVERN.

1 Triumphant Zion ! lift thy head,
From dust and darkness, and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known ;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness,

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear ;
His hands thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

24. WEBB.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before him on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,—
 A kingdom without end :
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand forever,—
 That name to us is—Love.

25. WARD.

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.

2 There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God,
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.

3 That sacred stream, thine holy Word,
 Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

4 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour ;
 Nor can her firm foundation move,
 Built on his truth, and armed with power.

26. ZION.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion, long in hostile lands !
 Mourning captive !
 God himself shall loose thy bands !

2 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
 He himself appears thy Friend ;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.

3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;
 All thy warfare now is past ;
 God thy Saviour will defend thee ;
 Victory is thine at last ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

27. NUREMBURG.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea !
Now is come the promised hour ;
Jesus reigns with glorious power !

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King ;
Let it sound from shore to shore—
“Jesus reigns forevermore !”

3 Hark ! the desert lands rejoice ;
And the islands join their voice ;
Joy ! the whole creation sings,—
“Jesus is the King of kings !”

28. CHRISTMAS.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion ! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,—
Thy beautiful array ;
Thy day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the south,—“ Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north !”

4 They come, they come ;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs, thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

29. MISSIONARY CHANT.

1 YE Christian heralds! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

1 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all !

30. SHIRLAND.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet their tidings are !
“Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here.”

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound !
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

31. ROCK OF AGES.

1 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee :
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the perfect cure ;
 Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could ne'er atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone ;
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eye-lids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,—
 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

32. DUNDEE.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
 With Christ within the doors ;
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,—
 “Lord, why was I a guest ?”

3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly drew us in ;
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished in our sin.

4 Pity the nations, O our God !
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

33. OLIVET.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine !
 Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away ;
 Oh, let me, from this day,
 Be wholly thine !

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart ;
 My zeal inspire ;
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh ! may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my Guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tear away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour ! then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 Oh ! bear me safe above,—
 A ransomed soul.

34. ALETTA.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
 God descend, in majesty,
 To proclaim his holy law,
 All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstacy sublime,
 Tabor's glorious steep I climb ;
 At the too transporting light,
 Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
 God in flesh made manifest,
 Shines in my Redeemer's face,
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
 Weep and gaze my soul away ;
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,
 Lovely, mournful Calvary !

35. AMSTERDAM.

1 Lamb of God ! whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find :
 Think on us, who think on thee,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !

2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray—
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away :
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From all sin do thou release ;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal ;
 Own us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal :
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease --
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !

36. GREENVILLE.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 Oh, refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence,
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

37. HEBRON.

1 Lord, now we part in thy blest name,
 In which we here together came ;
 Grant us, our few remaining days,
 To work thy will, and spread thy praise !

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
 Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness ;
 Grant that we all may meet above,
 Where we shall better sing thy love.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

38. BOYLSTON.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts, and our cares.
- 3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

39. LABAN.

- 1 LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power
To keep us when we part.
2. Peace to our brethren give ;
Fill all our hearts with love ;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.
- 3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue ;
And toil to spread thy kindom here,
Till we its glory view.
- 4 To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord !





Order of Exercises.

Tuesday—3 P. M., Academy of Music ; Business Meeting.

" 7½ P. M., Church of the Pilgrims ; Annual Sermon, by Rev. J. F. Stearns, D. D.

Wednesday—9½ A. M., Academy of Music ; Business Meeting.

" 2½ P. M., Academy of Music ; Business Meeting.

" 7½ P. M., Academy of Music ; Addresses.

" 9½ A. M., Church of the Pilgrims ; Maternal Association.

" 3 P. M., Church of the Pilgrims ; Children's Meeting.

" 7½ P. M., Plymouth Church ; Addresses.

Thursday—9½ A. M., Academy of Music ; Business Meeting.

" 4½ P. M., Academy of Music ; Business Meeting.

" 7½ P. M., Academy of Music ; Addresses.

" 9½ A. M., First Presbyterian Church, Henry St.; Woman's Miss. Society.

" 3 P. M. Plymouth Church ; Communion.

" " South Pres. Church ; "

" " Lafayette Ave. Church ; "

" 7½ P. M., Clinton Ave. Church ; Addresses.

Friday—9½ A. M., Academy of Music ; Farewell Addresses.

 Morning Prayer Meetings on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 8½ A. M.; at Church of the Pilgrims, and Lafayette Avenue Church.